# Ex-CBI Roundup CHITTA-BURDA-ITIDIA



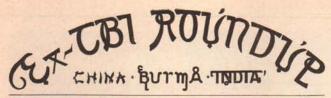




THE ABOVE Military Cemetery scenes were taken in 1945 at Chabua (top) and Kunming. After the war all of these American graves were transferred to Calcutta, later to Hawaii and the United States. Mostly air corps men were interred in both cemeteries, and the five concrete mounds in the Kunming cemetery at right are marked for men of the 23rd Fighter Group. It is not by "accident" that these photos appear in this issue, which should reach most readers just before Memorial Day 1955, ten years after the war's end. Quoting from Boyd Sinclair's excellent article, "Sleep Quietly, Brothers," in last issue: "Let us who knew them best in the final days remember them best . . . Let us keep green the memory of men who went the far way with us. The shadows lengthen. It is no longer early afternoon. Let us remember, for when men who wore the CBI shield are gone, words like Kunming, Myithyina, and Ledo again will fall foreign on American ears."

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP



Vol. 9, No. 6

June, 1955

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2808 E. 6th Ave., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

# Clarence R. Gordon ..... Managing Editor

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Boyd Sinclair Book R	eview	Editor

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# Ex-CBI Roundup

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# Letter FROM The Editor

- In the April issue we asked for volunteers to sponsor new and renewal subscriptions for Veterans Administration Hospitals throughout the nation at the special rate of \$2.00 per year. Response was great and we are pleased to announce that 31 such subscriptions were received. There are still more than 70 hospitals without subscriptions, and your contribution may be deducted on your income tax. We notify each hospital that they are receiving the gift subscription from you.
- Those of you who will be unable to make the round-the-world "Pilgrimage to India" with us next October will be pleased to learn we plan to take hundreds of photos while in India, including scenes at many of our old U.S. installations. These photos, together with complete details of our wonderful tour will appear in many issues of this magazine following our return to Denver.
- ullet Readers who are still interested in the black-and-white  $2 \times 2$  projection slides, offered in Roundup last fall at 15c each, Lawrence Villers is still producing them. If you no longer have the lists, drop us a line and we'll send them.
- This month's cover subject is Mrs. Joyce Hundal, wife of the Commercial Assistant of Indian Consulate General, San Francisco. She is posing amidst an exhibit of Indian brassware, rugs and draperies at the International Trade Fair, Seattle, Wash. (See "Chota Peg," this issue.)



# Eloquent Article

o In all the years that I've been reading this wonderful magazine I've never read such an eloquent and touching article as "Sleep Quietly, Brothers," by Boyd Sinclair. I sincerely hope that every single subscriber takes just a minute out from all the other interesting articles to read this. It's well worth his or her time.

PAUL BOONE, Jr. Martins Ferry, O.

# True Story

• Stuart Vanderhurst, who is mentioned in "24 Survived" (Mar.) as swimming around the good old Indian Ocean, is a personal friend of mine. He states that this particular story about the sinking is extremely true, and is the most authentic one he has ever seen on that particular subject.

JOEL H. SPRINGER, San Francisco, Calif.

# Chennault's Idea

• Several issues ago Roundup published an article by General Chennault in which he said an International air force based in the Orient would be a good way to keep the Reds in line. I've thought a lot about it and I think he's got something there. Hope he's successful in waking someone to the fact he has a good idea.

ARTHUR V. HOLT, Oakland, Calif.

# Chabua ATC

• Just stumbled onto several old issues. Until then didn't know such a magazine existed. Was based at 1333rd AAFBU, Chabua, and would enjoy hearing from any of the fellows from there, particularly those who lived at the "Annex."

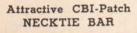
CHARLES JERVIS, 504 Charlton Rd., Rome, Ga.

JUNE, 1955

# 'Lackapoint University'

• I wonder just how many CBI-ers knew that we had a large and thriving University for restless and point-shy men stationed in India? It was the "Lacka-point University" at Hijli, in the Kharagpur area. The site was a former political prison. Major Francis J. Griffiths of I & E Hq. was the man selected to get rolling. He set up an assembly line technique that fed students in and out in two weeks, and gave them 20 hours of refresher and basic training in some 20 different subjects, such as medieval history, chemistry and business law, to mention a few. Volunteer instructors were selected, who donated their time and talents, and Capt. Theodore Whitehead was appointed Commandant.

PAUL BOONE, Martins Ferry, Ohio





Only \$1.75 Postpaid!

J. L. Footitt 31 Choote Road Park Forest, III.



KWEILIN, CHINA, after a year of Japanese occupation. The enemy systematically destroyed the city before retreating. U.S. Army photo.

# 'Journey From Burma'

 Robert Shaw's story of his "Journey From Burma" was very good, as far as it went. The next installment on his travels over the Ledo Road should be interesting.

QUENTIN GREER, Pasadena, Calif.

# 78th Station Hospital

• Was an Army Nurse at Was an Army Nurse at Ramgarh and Lalmanirhat, 78th Station Hospital, from Jan. 1943 to Nov. '45. Trip over on the S.S. Uruguay and returned on the Gen.

ELIZ. S. KAUFFMAN, Elmer, N.J.

# Calcutta Changes

• With reference to your letter of Nov. 8, 1954, about the present use of certain buildings in Calcutta which during the last war were occupied by the American occupied by the American Army, we are informed that the (Red Cross) Burra Club on Dalhousie Square was demolished in 1950 and there now stands a massive 10-story building of Automatic Telephone Exchange. The Rest Camp No. 5 which The Rest Camp No. 5 which used to be Bradbourne College has been entirely reoccupied by the college with their various departments. A few hutments, now in a dilapidated condition, are still standing.

G. C. RAMTRI, Embassy of India, Wash., D.C.

# 835th Signal Bn.

Thanks to the CBI decal which I spotted in the car window of fellow CBI-er Phil Cheeseman of Princeton, N.J., I learned of the existence of your fine publication. My outfit was the 35th Signal Service Bn., stationed in Kunming and vicinity, which later became vicinity, which later became the 3198th Signal Service Bn. I was pleased to see that there were a few subscribers from these outfits.

RAY E. PHILLIPS, Dutch Neck, N.J.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



ULTRA-MODERN movie theater in Karachi, features Indian and American films. Note jeep parked at curb. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

### Bitter Experience

 We feel signally honored that Boyd Sinclair would have chosen our son as representative of the many CBI veterans who are included in the 1636 boys who were never found ("Sleep Quiet-ly, Brothers"—May). As we learned so bitterly from WWI experience and so learned so bitterly from WWI experience, and so well expressed "In Flanders Fields," we, as veterans, "must keep and maintain faith with those who did not return, for if we break faith with them, then they cannot sleep in peace." We and his legion of friends regret that Sinclair's book was never published. was never published.

HARRY L. LEYDA, Dallas, Texas

# 124th Cavalry

 Enjoy the magazine very much as I served 27 months in CBI—14 in Calcutta, 7 in Burma with K troop, 124th Cavalry, and the remainder in China. I, for one, feel very much that there was a war in those parts. Attended the CBI Reunion in Washington last year and absorbed part of the AVG am planning for another would appreciate hearing good time in St. Louis in from anyone who can help.

August.

Lt. BURTON ALBERT

FRANK GARRISON, Montpelier, Ind.



PAKISTANI GIRL at left is playing a sitar, while the man beats the tablas. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

# 75th Fighter Squadron

Pursuit Group, which operated in the CBI where it absorbed part of the AVG.
Would appreciate hearing

Lt. BURTON ALBERT, 75th Ftr. Int. Sq., Suffolk Co. AFB, N.Y.

# CBI-ers at Buffalo

• I have been appointed to • Delighted to learn Frank write the history of the Denise has ordered a sub-75th Fighter Interceptor scription sent to the Buf-Squadron since its begin-falo (N.Y.) V.A. Hospital. ning. This outfit is a direct Last year I made several descendant of the 75th Pur-suit Squadron of the 23rd mander of the Rochester Pursuit Group, which op-and Monroe County VFW mander of the Rochester and Monroe County VFW. I always ran into someone from CBI and very few of them knew about the magazine. I'm sure the boys in Buffalo will be grateful to Denise for providing good and interesting reading about that unusual land of Hindusthan.

> J. MALLORY LOOS, Rochester, N.Y.

# Across The Hooghly

• Enjoyed the Jinx Falkenburg story (Apr.) as I heard their show across the river from Hastings Mill. was interested to learn that Wyman Coulter found my note on his car in Glacier Park last summer.

EDNA L. GOHEEN, Corvallis, Ore.



GENERAL STILWELL (campaign hat) talks with men on duty at a Calcutta port while on an inspection tour with General G. X. Cheves. U.S. Army photo.

# FELIX A. RUSSELL Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF General Stilwell Basha Record of Invention Forms FREE UPON REQUEST 507 Colorado Building Washington, D.C.

# The New Tibet

COMMUNIST CHINA is pouring men and money into Tibet to open up the country to modern communications and tap its undeveloped resources, a Reuters News Service reporter wrote from New Delhi recently.

Delhi recently.

A highway linking the once-forbidden city of Lhasa with the outside world has been opened by the Chinese. Winding 1,300 miles across Tibet over 14 mountain ranges, it joins Lhasa with Sining in Chinghai Province, providing a road which can be used by motor vehicles right through to Peiping and Shanghai, and cutting the journey to the Chinese capital from three months to 20 days.

The first trucks and jeeps already have begun to rumble along this road, bringing not only food and modern machinery but also scientists and geologists to assess and exploit the mineral resources which may one day turn Tibet into the industrial heart of Asia.

In this vast plateau region of Central Asia, more than twice the size of France, China is finding a convenient outlet for the overflow of her crowded millions.

Between 50,000 and 100,000 Chinese soldiers already are estimated to be building roads and airfields and helping modernize agriculture as the first stage to developing the country's almost untouched natural resources. With a local population of only 3,700,000, Tibet can take a rapidly expanding population, once the quick pace of modern development starts.

Most of the members of the army which Communist China has moved into Tibet have come not so much as soldiers but as pioneers and settlers, to build, to develop — and to stay.

China's absorption of Tibet has taken place with scant realization by the West of the area or importance of the territory involved.

Whereas elsewhere in Asia, each Communist move has provoked instant reaction and counter-thrust, in Tibet the Chinese penetration met with only slight resistance from the ill-organized and archaic Tibetan army, an abortive complaint to the United Nations, and expressions of "surprise and shock" from New Delhi, which later gave way to formal treaty recognition of China's position there.

THIS YEAR will see the fifth anniversary of the Chinese "liberation" of Tibet. During those five years, behind the screen of the Himalayas, the Chinese have worked hard on a three-phase development plan for the country, details of which filter across to India thru Tibetan traders, thru returning Indian pilgrims, and thru occasional official announcements from the Communist New China News.

The three phases of this plan are:

1. The building of highways and airfields, the opening up of telegraphic and wireless communications and the construction of a new capital, New Lhasa, on the outskirts of the old.

2. Improvement of agriculture and irrigation, and the introduction of tractor cultivation in an attempt to bring more of the plateau's barren, stony soil under the plow.

3. Assessment and exploitation of mineral resources, gold, mica, sulphur, coal, iron, and possibly oil.

Under the first phase of this plan, four main highways are being built across the "roof of the world." The first of these, the Chinghai Road, now is complete, according to the Chinese News Agency.

A second road is being built westward to Lhasa from the railhead at Chengtu in Szechwan province.

In desolate northwestern Tibet, Indian traders report that Chinese soldiers, wrapped in padded uniforms against the chill gales which blow alternately from the Gobi Desert to the north and the Himalayas to the south, are building a third road along the old central Asian trade route, from Sinkiang province 500 miles across Tibet thru Gyantse to Lhasa.

A fourth road from Lhasa down to Yatung on the trade route thru Sikkim into India, is now being surveyed by Chinese engineers.

Air landings are difficult in the high winds which sweep the Tibetan plateau, but one airfield is reported by Tibetan traders to have been completed at Lharigno, 170 miles from Lhasa. Peiping newspapers reaching Lhasa by this route now take only 10 days instead of the former three months.

Traders tell of an airport near the Ladakh border nearing completion and report that a survey has been made of another possible airstrip near Lake Manasarovar, a few miles from the Indian border.

These roads and airfields are the key to Tibet's development, bringing the country, after centuries of isolated anchronistic feudalism, into direct touch with the twentieth century.

ALREADY LHASA is becoming modernized. On the outskirts, away from the dominating high-walled Potala Palace, residence of the Dalai Lama, the new capital is rising. Tibetan traders report that work has begun on a big secretariat building, on military barracks, headquarters for the Chinese army, a radio station, and blocks of modern offices.

In the narrow streets of the old city, thronged with fur-capped traders and yellow-robed monks, loudspeaker networks broadcast Tibetan and Chinese music punctuated by lectures on Lenin, Stalin, and Marx.

Lhasa's first newspaper, started since the Chinese came, is edited and circulated by the cultural department of the Chinese occupation forces.

The Chinese have opened a good hospital in Lhasa with American-trained Chinese doctors and equipped with modern drugs. They also run a bank.

Hitherto only five cars, painstakingly carried over the mountains from India, have been seen in the streets of Lhasa. But now trucks and jeeps from the new Chinghai road will throng the Tibetan capital. With them will come scientists and geologists from China and from Russia to assess the mineral potential.

The extent of this mineral wealth is completely unknown. Vast areas of Tibet remain unexplored and unmapped. But the Tibetans have worked for centuries under primitive conditions to mine gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and gems.

Even today, Tibetan nomads pan gold dust from the rivers and sell it to the Bhotia (Indian) traders in exchange for cotton clothes, knives and cartridges.

Scattered across the mountainous areas of Western Tibet, and in the plateaus of the center and southeast, are believed to be virgin deposits of coal, iron and copper.

The Chinese already have started working a coal mine about five miles from Shigatse, seat of the Panchen Lama in Western Tibet.

Exploration of coal is one of the most pressing needs in Tibet because trees are sparse and the only other sources of light and warmth are yak dung or imported kerosene.

The Chinese are making plans to use these mineral resources for the industrial development of both China and Tibet.

THE OPENING of Tibet's highways will not only bring in machinery and scientists. They will also turn the pattern of Tibet's trade northwards.

Hitherto Tibet's main trade with the outside world has been thru India. Goods imported from abroad thru Calcutta over the Sikkim trade route reach Lhasa in less than three weeks, compared with a journey of two months by pony to Lhasa from the nearest railhead in China.

A new electric generator from Britain which is to provide electricity for Lhasa has been carried up over this route and more than 2,200 tons of rice will travel up to Lhasa over the same track by pack mule from India this year to help feed the Chinese army.

But wool, which used to be Tibet's main export thru India to the United States, now is being bought up by the Chinese government and sold to Russia, Czechoslovakia and other Eastern European countries.

With the arrival of motor traffic in Lhasa from the North, China will be able to supply most of Tibet's food needs herself and trade with India is expected to dwindle.

Once the main highways are completed, the land problem will be the next big task for the Chinese to tackle.

With an altitude of 13,000 to 16,000 feet over most of the country, Tibetans can grow only hardy crops, such as potatoes and barley. The country is largely barren, treeless, and windswept. The peasants use primitive handplows for cultivation.

A widespread system of polyandry whereby several brothers marry the same wife keeps down the population and prevents the splitting up of land holdings.

To improve agriculture, the Chinese have imported the first tractor, of British make, over the trade route from India. If successful, it is to be the forerunner of many more. Plans are also being considered to improve irrigation, but there are no reports so far of any great progress in this field apart from some minor works in the neighborhood of Lhasa.

Most Indian business men trading in Tibet, and most Indian pilgrims, agree that the Chinese brought the country a measure of stability, rid the rugged western highlands of bandits, and have established a reputation for themselves with the Tibetans for incorruptibility.

— THE END

# Navy CBI Man

■ Had been planning to write for a long time, but it took that muster-roll of the 7th Bombardment Group (May) to jar me off of dead center. Mine was a funny deal. I was a Naval Reserve Officer attached to Hq., 10th USAAF as officer in charge of Mine Detail 10. Through that somewhat misplaced assignment what misplaced assignment I developed a somewhat questionable popularity with members of the 7th Bomb Group. I believe that any of that bunch that read this will remember me and any of that bunch that read this will remember me and the other naval type in that outfit, one G. G. Gould, Lt., USNR. Don't look for my name on your lists. I subscribe for my wife who used to be Lt. E. M. Wolff, ANC, with the 111th Station Hospital which was later called the 234th General Hospital, the one so well-written-up in the June 1954 issue by Major Sylvia

CHILDREN OF East Pakistan in native costume perform a typical group dance. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

G. Johnson Clark. She is much better known to me as Johnnie. I would like very much to hear from any of the men who were in Mine Detail 10.

GUY FORBES, Beaumont, Texas

GUY FORBES, Beaumont, Texas



copies of the paper when it was on active duty.

Mrs. CARL EIFLER, Honolulu, Hawaii



MEMBER OF the Pakistan Governor General's body guard in colorful uniform. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

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☐ Mar., ☐ May,		
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Sept.,	□ Nov.,	☐ Mar.
Nov.,	☐ Dec.,	☐ Apr. ☐ May

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

# Ohio CBI-er Leads In Subscription Contest

ROUNDUP'S subscription contest, which started last November, will end at midnight June 1st. Names and photos of winners will appear in the August issue, to be mailed July 2nd.

At the time we go to press, these are the men who lead in the contest, in order of most subscriptions sold:

- 1. Winfield Burke, Chillicothe, Ohio 2. Max Hillsman, Torrance, Calif.
- 3. Paul Burge, Ft. Worth, Texas
- 3. Wm. E. Cantrell, Akron, Ohio Lochrane Gary,

- Chicago, Ill.

  5. Robert E. Nesmith,
  Houston, Texas

  6. Albert V. Meyer,
  St. Louis, Mo.
  tied with

  6. Eugene R. Brauer,
- Milwaukee, Wis. 7. Joseph Jackiewicz, E. Paterson, N. J.

At the close of the contest, the total number of subscriptions sold by each will be announced. To do so at this time would be unfair to the contestants.

Only a few weeks remain to get those new subscriptions for Roundup. Remember, first prize is \$500.00 cash!

# CONTEST RULES

- Contest is open to all paid subscribers to Ex-CBI Roundup.
- to Ex-CBI Roundup.

  2. Awards will be presented to the persons who secure the greatest number of new subscriptions between Nov. 1, 1954, and June 1, 1955. Prizes will be awarded to winners as follows: 1st Prize, \$50.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 3rd Prize, \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 4th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 5th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 6th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 7th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 6th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 6th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 7th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 7th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 6th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 7th Priz
- 3. Subscriptions must be sold to bona fide CBI veterans or persons who served with the U.S. Forces in the CBI Theatre during World War II, who are not now or have not been subscribers during the six previous
- 4. Subscriptions must be forwarded to Ex-CBI Roundup with remittance to cover within five days after sale to new subscriber. Contestant's name and address should appear on same sheet with new subscriber's.
- 5. Final subscriptions must be forwarded and postmarked not later than midnight, June 1, 1955.
- Winning contestants will be notified by wire or air mail on June 2, 1955, and sub-sequently announced in Ex-CBI Roundup.

# 19 Reservations Received for Pilgrimage to India

ROUNDUP'S "Pilgrimage to India" is destined to become the most memorable, outstanding event in the lives of those who will make the tour.

At the time we go to press a total of 19 had sent their reservations and cur-19 had sent their reservations and current indications are we will have a splendid group of CBI-ers, wives and friends aboard when the giant Pan American World Airlines plane takes off from New York for Paris on the first leg of our flight around the world next October.

In last issue we published brief per particular and the sent was published brief per particular to the property of the period of the per

In last issue we published brief per-sonality sketches on some of the CBI-ers who had registered for the tour. Although we had intended to publish several more in this issue, we received information only on Dr. Gordon E. Davis in time to be processed and included. We hope to have many more in time for posthave many more in time for next issue:

# DR. GORDON E. DAVIS

DR. GORDON E. DAVIS

Dr. Gordon E. Davis was in charge of the rickettsia laboratory of the U.S.A. Typhus Commission, with headquarters near Myitkyina, Burma. His studies took him to western China and to many places in India and Burma. He is now Principal Medical Bacteriologist at the National Microbiological Institute's Rocky Mountain Laboratory, Hamilton, Mont. Dr.



Davis says: "I have been nearly twice around the world by air, but to complete the record have to cover the distance bethe record have to cover the distance between Burma and Australia. This tour will do that for me. I am looking forward to visiting some of the places in India, as well as Paris, Rome, but more especially some of the places I have not seen, one of which is Kashmir. An Indian doctor recently wrote me, 'If you visit Kashmir, I am certain you will like it immensely. The beauty of the nature and the beauty and the filth of the people blend harmoniously, and you will forget the filth of the people.' I am certainly looking forward to this wonderful tour next fall."

# **Journey From Burma**

In the preceding installment the author has recounted his trip through Burma, the first stage of a trans-Atlantic journey, in the summer of 1952. He now continues with his departure from Muitkyina.

# OVER THE LEDO ROAD By Robert B. Shaw

A FTER THE ceremony of packing the weapons carrier was finally completed, the 14 passengers scrambled aboard, and about 6 P. M. we left town. An hour later, about dark, we were passing Mayan, where I had arrived three days earlier. From this point the road diverges northwestwardly, away from the railway. (Desmond Dansey, the Church of England Missionary at Tanai, frequently bicycles the 90 miles from Mayan to his post). Where a bridge was out over the Namti River we had to make a long detour of about a mile over a rough trail to a ford. This bridge was, however, in the process of repair.

We stopped for the night at the Public Works Department bungalow at Lawa, 55 miles from Myitkyina, Although American GI's probably did not see any of them during the war, hostels like this are common in Burma and India, being provided by the government in out-of-theway sections for the convenience of government officials on tour and other occasional travelers. A minimum of accommodation is provided, and travelers are expected to supply their own food, utensils and bedding, together with the necessary servants. I slept here quite comfortably on a woven cane bed.

At this point I should say a few words about my own equipment for this trip. Since I assumed I would have to cover part of my journey on foot I brought no more than I could easily carry. This included, besides the clothing I wore, one extra outfit, a Japanese Army blanket (war booty from Korea), a light-weight air mattress, a few bottles of pills and simple medicines, a towel, maps, water canteen and two or three cans of food. All of these items fitted into an Army mustette bag or were rolled up in the blanket, which could be looped over my shoulder. These two pieces comprised my total luggage for an 8,000 mile, 60-day trip. The air mattress, ordered especially for this trip, developed a series of leaks



WEAPONS CARRIER which the author rode (and pushed) over The Ledo Road in April, 1952.

within a few days, and proved more a nuisance than an asset. I also started out with a small piece of mosquito netting, but as I found it difficult to suspend this over my head, and did not notice many mosquitoes, I soon gave it up.

Most of my clothing was of ex-Army vintage, and my pants had my name stenciled across the seat, as had been the practice in the Tenth Army. This form of identification often caused amusement on my trip, just as it has done here at home. When people had difficulty catching my name I pointed to the seat of my pants.

Planning for this trip I had assumed that there would be restaurants of a sort over the Ledo Road, where I would be able to buy native food. This proved not to be the case, and as my own few cans of sardines were quickly exhausted I would have suffered if it had not been for the charity of my more foresighted fellow passengers, several of whom generously shared their food with me. The Indian trader with the betelnut-stained teeth had a large cloth sack which seemed to be full of biscuits, and some of these he gave to me.

The morning following our stop at Lawa we reached Tanai, 120 miles from Myitkyina, about 11 o'clock. At this village, where my friend Huke left me, we had lunch with Jeff Roland, the missionary colleague of Desmond Dansey, whom I had met on the train between Katha and Mayan.

As far as Tanai the road was in relatively good condition, generally two-lane

and maintained as a year-around route. We had forded three streams, but at one of these a bridge was being built and at the other two ferries were at hand to of these a bridge was being built and at the other two ferries were at hand to serve during high water. Beyond Tanai, I found, there were many more fords and diversions, and the road, now consisting only of a single vehicle track, was much more closely hemmed in by the forest. Leaving Tanai we crossed the Tanai River (a branch of the Chindwin) on a crude ferry, but beyond there, to our night's stopping place at Shingbwiyang, we forded 11 streams. I did see two or three smaller bridges under repair, but without much active work going on about them. Stalled in the center of one of the streams we forded was another weapons carrier, southbound. It managed to get started only after its passengers had unloaded most of its cargo and staggered to shore with it. We had ample time to watch this struggle, as we had a breakdown of our own on the shore of the same stream. the same stream.

This and one other minor breakdown were efficiently repaired by our driver and the spare, and we reached Shingbwiyang, at the foot of the mountains, about 5:30 P. M. I have since been told that this was a major U. S. Army supply base, consisting of several thousand men, 60 or 70 storage sheds, theatres, and even an airstrip, during the war. At present all that remains in sight here are six delapithat remains in sight here are six delapidated sheds, one used as a pig sty, a few rattletrap trucks, an airplane fuselage, still shiny, a pontoon built by the American Can & Foundry Co., and a pile of decaying oil drums. This is a kind of Kachin State Public Works Department depot, but only one family seems to live here, in the other end of the pig sty. The "guest bungalow" here was several stages more primitive than last night's, and my "guest bungalow" nere was several stages more primitive than last night's, and my bed consisted only of a rough wooden platform in a basha. Nevertheless, I slept well; my air mattress, still new at this time, had to be blown up only once during the right. ing the night.

T EAVING Shingbwiyang the following T EAVING Shingbwiyang the following morning the road turned abruptly north, and after five miles entered a steep range of mountains (the Sangpang Bum, in case anyone cares). The road was now hardly better than a trail; the jungle had swallowed up all but narrow vehicle track, and on some steep hillsides most of the original roadway had been washed away. Under these conditions our truck crawled in low gear for miles at a time, and the 28 mile stretch from Shingbwiyang to Tagap Ga took three hours and 20 minutes of steady driving.

Tagap Ga appears prominently on many

Tagap Ga appears prominently on maps of the Burma frontier, and I also remem-

bered it as one of the major way-points in the refugee trek of 1942. In actuality this is an unimpressive collection of five or six shacks of Kachin long houses. As we entered the settlement a heavy rainstorm, moving in our direction, was visible down the valley.

After shaving in a stream of cold water I fled from the rain into one of the Jing-I fled from the rain into one of the Jing-paw houses, and joined by fellow-passen-gers squatting around the fire. Again, several of them shared their food with me—doughy pancakes, a tea so sweet that it was hard to distinguish from coffee, and a pounded rice, which we all put into our tea. A pot of rice whiskey was also passed, but I found this too strong to take more than a few sips.

From Tagap Ga to the border at Pangsu Pass it is 42 miles and this journey took until well after dark. The rain had worried me for fear of a premature mon-soon, but apparently the seasons are more erratic up in the mountainous border country than in Lower Burma, and we soon left that shower behind. There were signs of other recent rains, however, and our truck soon put on its chains while, at several muddy spots, all the passengers had to get out and help push. The road also included several long stretches of corduroy track across segments that were evidently boggy all year

We had one flat tire during the afternoon, and when darkness came on it was noon, and when darkness came on it was found that neither headlight would work—this was no surprise to me. Although the crew could not fix the lights, we were too close to Pangsu to stop, and finally they rigged up some kind of a searchlight which the spare, sitting on the front mudguard, tried to focus on the road ahead. We covered the last four miles of this rough trail in such fashion. Now and then as the spare was jolted, he Now and then, as the spare was jolted, he lost his grip and the light blinked off, but at last we came safely into Pangsu.



VILLAGE ON the "all-weather" portion of The Ledo Road. The Sikh's weapons carrier may be seen in Road. The Sikh' left background.

Between Tanai and Pangsu, 112 miles, we had passed only two other vehicles. I had thought that probably a weapons carrier was the largest truck that could navigate the road, but this notion proved wrong, for at Pangsu I found five threeton trucks, as well as two other weapons carriers. All of these were from Burma and several from Rangoon. Pangsu consisted of four or five basha shacks or storage sheds, including the "tea room" at which I slept. Here I huddled on a little raised platform, alongside three Nagas. Under my bed, I noticed, was a pile of empty beer bottles. When I asked about these the next day I was told that the collection of beer bottles tossed out along the Ledo Road by the GI's is still a profitable business in this area. These bottles, collected by the Naga tribesmen, sell for Rs. 5 per 100 at Pangsu, and are worth Rs. 20 or 25 by the time they are trucked to Myitkyina.

Mr. Singh, the truckowner, had originally promised to take me into India, but owing to a "mistake in the carburetor" which had given some trouble and used more fuel than normal on the way up, he did not want to drive further. There was no place along the road closer than Tanai to obtain gas, he told me. But to comply with the spirit of his agreement, Singh offered to walk with me to the Indian frontier post nine miles beyond Pangsu. Our Eurasian friend also accompanied us.

Pangsu Pass, the presumed boundary—although the actual border is undemarcated here—lies about a mile beyond Pangsu hamlet. The pass is only about 5,000 feet high, but the land slopes down very steeply on the west side, so that there is—or would have been in clear weather—an extensive view of many ranges of heavily forested hills. As I crossed, however, the weather was misty, and the full effect of the view was lost. Singh several times told me of a large lake in this vicinity where, he said, many American Soldiers drowned during the war, but I never learned exactly what he was referring to.

All along my trip so far I had been a little concerned about my reception at the Burmese border post, for I had made this trip without permission, and had not obtained the required exit visa. I had comforted myself with the thought that no officials could be so strict as to turn me back for a mere technical infraction when I had actually reached the border, or if they did I thought I could sneak past somehow. But all such concern was needless, for there was no Burmese frontier post to pass. At Pangsu summit, where there was only a rough sign announcing it was 232 miles to Myitkyina, I left Burmese territory with-

out any official ceremony.

Entering India, however, was a different story. From Pangsu we covered the eight miles down hill in about three hours. This hamlet had formerly been known as Nampung, but during the war was rechristened "Hell Gate" by the American soldiers, and the new name has been officially adopted. The settlement consists of an Army post, somewhat resembling one of our own western forts during the Indian wars, the rough offices and homes of a handful of officials, and the camp of the Indian Trading Co. On arriving at Hell Gate I first entered the customs unit, where the officer examined my meager effects closely, probably out of curiosity. On my customs declaration form I listed Rs. 10 in Indian currency and \$20 in U. S. in my possession; the official advised me that it was illegal to bring this currency into the country, and requested me to make out a new form omitting mention of it.

After finishing with customs I moved a few yards up the road to the hut of the barefooted political officer. (This official was one of the thousands of Indians who left Burma following independence, in 1948. He had formerly lived in Myitkyina, where Singh had taken pains to point out his house to me as we started our trip). Here I filled out a second detailed form, and I noticed that, although the caste system had supposedly been recently abolished in India, travelers were still required to mention their caste, among other identifying information. As if this form were not sufficient, the political officer examined my passport thoroughly, interrogated me in detail, and finally wrote out a brief biography of myself, which he asked me to read and affirm. Again, I imagined, so few travelers came this way that he had to make the most of each one. He told me I was the first white man to pass there since he had occupied that post.



TANAI, BURMA, where the weapons carrier passed a group of work elephants along The Ledo Road.

But it appeared that there was some more particular reason for this searching examination. The Indian territory along the Burmese frontier, sometimes known as the Northeast Frontier Area, is part of an extensive Naga reserve, and is closed to all outsiders, including Indians themselves, without special permission. An Indian passport visa by itself gives no authority to enter this area. Hence, the political officer was puzzled as to what to do with me, and finally decided he had better accompany me into Margherita to consult his superior. Whether I was under a polite kind of arrest, or whether my escort merely wanted a good excuse for going to town, I was not quite sure. In any case he treated me most courteously, and gave me a good meal. He also put on his shoes before we set out.

At this point I was told we were fortunate, for a truck of the Indian Trading Co. was going into Ledo the same afternoon. Otherwise it might have been necessary to wait several days for transportation. The Indian Trading Co. held the contract to take up the gasoline pipeline laid by the U. S. Army during the war, from Ledo all the way to Kunming. As I had passed over the Ledo Road I saw sections of the pipeline here and there, many of them used for makeshift bridges across gullies and ditches. It was doubtful whether the Burmese government would allow this firm to lift the pipeline very far into Burma (since the war the exportation of all battle scrap from Burma has been rigidly prohibited, in the hope that a steel rolling mill will some day be set up), but at the time I passed they were still some miles short of the border and the issue had not yet arisen. I was told that each section of pipe would sell for about Rs. 50 in Burma, or for Rs. 100 in India, where there would be more use for it.

While Hell Gate had looked very sparsely settled upon my arrival, quite a collection of people suddenly materialized to take advantage of the ride into Ledo, and a group of dhoti-clad, umbrella-carrying Indians joined my escort and me in the back of the truck, on top of 44 sections of pipe.

My luck in finding this transportation so conveniently quickly evaporated. To be sure, the truck started off almost immediately—but it continued up the road only a quarter of a mile, where the driver and two or three other employees, together with the political officer, went into the ITC office for tea. During this refreshment they got started at some card game, which continued for an hour and a half. As I chafed impatiently, I felt it was no

secret why oriental countries have not achieved any high degree of material prosperity. At three-thirty the game finally broke up and we started out again, but within two miles an inside rear tire blew out with a loud report. The lugs on the outside wheel now proved to be much too tight, and for over an hour the crew struggled with these, using all kinds of improvised lever on which they tugged or jumped up and down. But after an hour and a half the tire was replaced, and again we started. This time we went less than a mile when another report came, now from the motor, and the truck coasted to a halt. I resolved to wait patiently, but shortly an English-speaking fellow in the group told me that a cylinder bore had burst and the truck was out for good. Some of the people said there was a camp two miles up the road at which we might wait, and that a second truck would come tomorrow. But I had been in the Orient long enough to realize that "tomorrow" is a very elastic term, and after the annoying delays we had already endured I felt I would rather walk than wait for some vaguely promised ride. By this time twilight had set in, and while the remainder of the crowd were milling around the truck I slipped away and set out briskly down the road, carrying all my luggage with me.

There was no danger of getting lost here, for there was only one road. Moreover, I found, this section of the road was systematically marked with milestones, and knowing how far I had to go seemed to make the walk a little easier. The truck had broken down just before the 22nd milepost out of Ledo. I am a good walker and I imagined, probably foolishly, that I could reach Ledo by midnight.

At first the sky was clear, and the moon, although only half full, was bright. The first few miles seemed to pass rapidly. I saw what I judged to be the camp that had been mentioned as a resting place, but it looked too primitive to tempt me to stop. Just beyond it, facing in the opposite direction from my own, was a large sign stating that no one was allowed to pass through without a special permit.

Unfortunately, the good weather did not last. The sky clouded over, and thunder rolled ominously in front of me. It soon became so dark that I had to guide myself only by the feel of the road, and thus I could not avoid sharp stones or muddy spots. I also began to realize, a little tardily, that I was alone in a real jungle inhabited by the kind of animals that I had never before been near, except in a zoo. (Later I was told that there were no tigers in that vicin-

ity, but there were wild elephants). As my feet got more tired and the rain seemed imminent I began to wish I had stopped at the camp, and resolved to take the next shelter that I found. But for mile after mile there was no shelter, not even one of the simplest makeshift huts of bamboo and plantain leaves. Despite the darkness and my fatigue I was walking fast, at about four m.p.h. Once I sat down and more by feel than by sight undid my bedroll, put on a clean pair of socks, and exchanged the sneakers I had been wearing for shoes.

Finally, after I had gone seven miles I suddenly came to a gate across the road and saw behind it the dim outline of a long, low hut. Without hesitation I entered it. Only a few minutes later it began to rain hard. This camp was, I found, a small Army post garrisoned by about a dozen Ghurka troops belonging to the Assam Rifles. A sergeant was in command of the group, and none of the men could speak more than a few words of English. However, they made me welcome, the sergeant first offered me a bed-platform, but when I showed him it was about a foot shorter than I was, he allowed me to lay out my bedding on the floor, beside his orderly table. All of the soldiers except one guard were already in bed at this time; it was actually only eight o'clock, but because of the loneliness and the storm it seemed much later. But all the soldiers stirred around to help me. My air mattress aroused much interest, and several blew it up for me. They also gave me two extra blankets. I now started to crawl into bed, when the sergeant interrupted me, indicating that I should wait for "tea." In a few minutes I was handed a tin of the customary highly sweetened tea along with several "pancakes." When I had finished this the sergeant also offered me a paludrin pill. Then I went to bed and slept comfortably, although one panel of the air mattress deflated during the night, and early in the morning the roof developed a leak just above me, which forced me to move my bed.

ALTHOUGH I got up at 5:30 in the morning, all the rest of the camp was up ahead of me. After dressing I asked for water for shaving (meanwhile all of the soldiers had gone out for a brisk run). When I was about to leave I was asked to wait for breakfast—although it took me some time to understand this invitation, as I was confused whether they were saying "have food" or "have foot," i. e., go on foot. In any case I was shortly handed a huge bowl of rice—enough for three men—with a kind of dhal soup. This was given very apologetically, with the explanation:



FERRY AT THE Tanai River crossing of The Ledo Road, between Myitkyina and Tanai, April, 1952.

"Ghurka food—no good." Finally, after thanking my hosts as best I could, I set out again about 7:30. On leaving this camp I noticed that the walks around it were bordered by inverted beer bottles.

The rain had now been reduced to a light drizzle. I did not try to walk as fast as the night before, and was content to make three miles an hour. But I soon found my feet very sore, with a number of blisters developing. As I approached each milepost I hoped that I had somehow missed the one before it, and would find myself one mile closer to Ledo than I realized. I also hoped there might be some converging roads that would funnel in some traffic, that might pick me up. But no road larger than a forest path joined the Ledo Road until milepost 7. Finally, just before milepost 6, a truck carrying logs came by and carried me into Ledo. Altogether, I had walked about 25 miles, starting from Pangsu.

Riding into town I was surprised to notice that milepost 0 is not actually in Ledo but six miles east (where the Ledo Road proper diverges from the provincial highway). At this end of the road is a large sign originally erected by the U. S. Army, and still maintained by the Indian government, that proclaims this to be the Stilwell Road, and lists the distances to all important places (including such ghost settlements as Shingbwiyang) up to Kunming. The freshness of that sign contrasts somewhat ironically with the actual condition of the road.

After having so often heard the name Ledo I found the town unimpressive, hardly living up to its legend. Unfortunately I had just missed the morning train toward Siliguri, so I hitched a ride on to Margherita, two miles further. Since I had the whole day to wait and nothing to do I decided I might as well

call upon the political officer to whom I was supposed to have been taken.

When I slowly made my way to that office, with my aching feet, I found the political officer out for the time being, but spoke with his assistant, who was, he told me, a Buddhist, and the descendant of Shans who had settled around northeastern Assam 150 years ago. He introduced me to the Intelligence Officer, "Mr. Kane" who invited me to his house for lunch. In the afternoon I returned and saw the political officer; he was entirely courteous, but made it quite clear to me that I should not have entered the frontier area as I did without special permission. The border officer out there, he said, should have telephoned into town for instructions rather than bringing me with him, and he seemed to intimate that I would not have been allowed to proceed if permission had been properly requested in advance. But now I was here and there was nothing else to do but allow me to continue my journey.

Mr. Kane again entertained me in the afternoon, and gave me the opportunity to shower and change my clothes. I entered a rather frank discussion with him about the seeming inequities of the caste system, asking why it was fair that a man should have to be a sweeper just because his father was a sweeper. "But," he replied to me, "if there were no sweepers who would do the sweeping?"

At 6:16 P. M. I caught the train toward Tinsukia, and there I changed to the mail train for Siliguri. Although Indian railroads are hardly distinguished for their comfort, this method of travel seemed luxurious after crossing over the Ledo Road.

Before leaving the Ledo Road a question about it may occur to some GI's who served in the CBI Theatre: Why has this strategic highway been allowed to deteriorate in the way I have described? The immediate answer is that the bridges were washed out in the floods of 1947, and thereafter it was neither possible nor worthwhile to maintain the road for regular traffic. But beyond this simple explanation are more basic and more complicated reasons. Neither of the two governments involved really wants the Ledo Road. Until the Ledo and Burma Roads were built as war-time measures Burma never had any connection by land with its neighboring countries. And being a small, fertile country, tucked in between two explosively overpopulated neighbors, Burma prized this peaceful isolation. Against its will the country was plunged briefly onto the center of the world's stage, but if these two roads which figured so prominently in the war could

now be abandoned, it might be possible to regain this desired isolation. At least, it would be easier to maintain Bunma's policy of neutrality in the present Cold War.

The Burma Road is, however, in relatively good condition and in regular use. If Burma were to close it now this might be regarded as an unfriendly act by Red China. Further, influential persons in the Shan States are now profiting from the operation of this road. Ironically, it has also become somewhat of an annoyance to the United States government, as a trickle of supplies has been entering Red China via that route, circumventing our partial coastal blockade during the Korean War. No Burmese trucks actually enter China, nor do Chinese trucks come into Burma, but cargo is busily transferred from truck to truck across the bridge at the border village of Wanting.

While the Burma Road does serve some economic prupose, there is, or at least in normal times would be, scant necessity for the Ledo Road. Neither Assam nor the Kachin State would have much normal trade with the other. The central Burmese government would also prefer to have the Kachin State supplied from Rangoon, where it could control the trade and collect the customs dues. But during the recent insurrection the supply lines between Myitkyina and Rangoon have become very thin and difficult, and the Kachin State would like to have some alternate connection with the outside world. Thus, what limited efforts are now being made to maintain the Ledo Road are being made only by the Kachin State government.

But neither Burma nor India will permit any through traffic over this road, and there is no real international trade. The few vehicles that go up from Ledo seem to be engaged, indirectly, in smuggling. This is not to say that the operators are smugglers themselves, but they carry certain cargo through this thinly populated area as close to the border as they can get, and what happens to it then is none of their business. Similarly, they pick cargo up there without concern as to its origin. The largest cargo on my own truck was rice—although the export of rice from Burma is now a state monopoly. Several of our passengers were carrying large bamboo containers of rice whiskey. One of the main returning cargoes, I understood, was cigarettes, on which there is a particularly high duty in Burma.

Mr. Singh, the truck owner, told me that he would probably make one more round trip over the road to Pangsu, after leaving me there (on April 30). Thereafter, he would merely drive as far



DOWNHILL ON the all-weather portion of The Ledo Road, between Myitkyina and Tanai. Although this is one of the better stretches, the telltale weeds growing in the road is indicative of the low flow of traffic today.

as Tanai, sending coolies carrying loads as far as Tagap Ga or Pangsu. Several times, he said, he had been caught by the monsoon beyond Tanai, and had been forced to abandon his truck for the season, with a durwan to watch it.

The remainder of my journey will not have particular interest for CBI veterans, and can be related quickly. Leaving Margherita I traveled by railway across northern India, through Gahauti, Siliguri, Katihar, Lucknow, and New Delhi. Since partition Assam has been almost cut off from the rest of India by the new state of East Pakistan, which leaves only a 15-mile wide connecting corridor between itself and Nepal. This has, in fact, broken the former rail route between Calcutta and the Ledo railhead, and now requires an extremely round-about journey.

At New Delhi a four-day delay was necessary to obtain visas for my passage through the Moslem countries of the Middle East. Continuing on from Delhi I crossed the border in Pakistan, between Amritsar and Lahore, with some difficulty. A perfectly good railway runs between these points, but since the partition all service here had also been suspended and the border closed to ordinary travelers. (Railway service over this segment was finally resumed only last October). Although the Indian passport officer at this point was puzzled because I had no residence permit I finally managed to satisfy him, and he delayed me only to ask about the status of American Indians in the United States.

Without making any extended stop in Pakistan I went on as rapidly as possible to Peshawar, the gateway to Khyber Pass. On the way up from Lahore I happened to fall in with two young Afghan army officers, and the three of us were fortunate enough to discover in Peshawar three new Chevrolets which had just been unloaded at the railhead and were being delivered to the king of Afghanistan. Thus we rode into Kabul in rather fancy style. A good road runs up to the Khyber Pass on the Pakistan side (formerly the British side), but at the border it abruptly deteriorates into a rough track. There is also, I was surprised to notice, a first-class, broadgauge railway through the Pass; this is really a railroad to nowhere as it ends abrouptly at the border and serves no economic purpose. The actual border is not at the pass, but a little beyond it, thus giving the former British rulers the benefit of the better defensive position.

At the first customs post we were served with an elaborate tea, and my personal effects, while formally inspected, were not actually examined. I found this courtesy to be typical of the Afghans, while their natural pride and dignity was a welcome contrast with the cringing servility of India. Everywhere I went the men freely shook hands with me; in doing so they stand erect and tall, looking you in the eye. Although this country is poor by our standards, its people show by their manner that they consider themselves just as good as we are.

At Kabul I called at the American Embassy, but found that the officials there were poorly informed as to local transportation, and so had to find the necessary information elsewhere. In this country there is a semblance of surface transportation, consisting chiefly of postal trucks, but it is very irregular and infrequent. Consequently, I had to wait two days in Kabul, three more at Kandahar, and two days at Herat for my final connection into Iran. Altogether, it took me twelve days to cross the country—which is about 800 miles wide. Twice we were delayed by truck breakdowns in out-of-the-way places. Owing to the heat at that time of the year (May) the trucks traveled only at night, although in winter it becomes very cold there.

ON ARRIVING in Meshed, Iran, I found myself again in the area of what might be described as "modern" transportation, in the form of a relatively new bus that traveled toward Teheran at a terrific speed. At least, 45 m.p.h. seemed terrific on those roads, and during the two-day journey I had to be constantly on the alert to duck my head as the jolts threw me up against the roof of the bus. The friction between my back and the back of the seat was also painful, so that

it was necessary to lean forward, and an Australian fellow-passenger I happened to meet said he had not supported himself on his elbows for so long since he left home. But despite these discomforts I was glad to be moving fast again, and these two days in Iran covered about the same distance as twelve days in Afghanistan. It was in this stage of the journey, crossing Afghanistan and Iran, that my lack of the local language made it most difficult, because for extended periods I was with no one who spoke English. For my food I had to order what I could indicate by signs, or what my fellow passengers took. One night in Afghanistan I had "milk and oil"—what kind of oil I don't know.

From Teheran I traveled to Korramshahr, at the head of the Persian Gulf and close to the disputed oilfields, by the Trans-Iranian Railway. Thence I was driven by "taxi" to a point opposite Basra and crossed the Tigris River on a small boat. At this time it was Ramidan, the Moslem month of fasting, and in Iraq, a strict Moslem country, I found this practice was rigidly enforced. Hence, I was able to obtain a meal here only by entering a restaurant through the back door, in somewhat of a speakeasy atmosphere.

From Basra I continued by rail up to Bagdad, and after a three day delay there, rode on through Syria and Turkey over the old Berlin-to-Bagdad route. This line crosses and recrosses borders so frequently, with extended customs inspections at each, that I am sure at least one full day of its three and one half day schedule is lost in this manner. However, the Taurus Express, with its Wagon-Lits cars, looks like real civilization at Bagdad, after traveling so far by so many irregular forms of transportation. As a matter of fact, I was traveling in the "right" direction on this trip, as everything improved as I went on; the people gradually became more familiar, the girls whiter, the food better, and everything somewhat more like we are accustomed to here. Always before I had thought of Turkey as a remote and distant country, but when it is approached by a surface journey across Asia you feel very close to home when you finally arrive there.

At Istanbul I had a little difficulty getting money. Traveling as I was I did not want to carry much cash, and so far had relied primarily on cashing small personal checks as I went along; I had been able to do this even in remote towns in Afghanistan. But Turkey was, I learned to my discomfort, a very strict

country in its monetary controls, and no one would take my checks, or even cash some Cook's travelers checks I had with me—not even the local office of Cook's! And although the local American consulate knew who I was they similarly refused to help me. Consequently, I barely managed to reach Greece, where I had friends, and where I found that American Express was much more helpful to travelers.

From Athens I took a ship to Brindisi, in the heel of Italy, passing through the Corinth Canal. On this vessel, the "Angelica," I was surprised to find charts of the waters around Vancouver Island, and learned that the ship was the former "Princess Adelaide" of the Canadian Pacific Railways.

From here on my journey was merely routine. In Genoa, for the first time, I purchased new clothing and assumed the manner of a more normal tourist. On July 9, 79 days after leaving Rangoon I arrived in London, where I visited for two weeks with my brother, and on July 31 I arrived back in the States. Thus ended a particularly interesting voyage.

Perhaps someone will be interested in how much this trip cost. Just to confine myself to the Asiatic portion (since I played the part of a more normal tourist after arrival in Europe), my expenses for the 54-day journey, over an estimated 5,000 or 6,000 miles, from Rangoon to Istanbul were \$361.42. Besides the direct travel and subsistence, this included side trips to Darjeeling and to the Taj Mahal at Agra, and a little sightseeing in one or two other places. It also included a few souvenirs—but very few, as I had to carry them with me. (My main souvenirs were two hand-embroidered sheepskin jackets from Afghanistan—a costume that always invites comment when I wear it now).

If there is one overall impression of this long trip that I could report, it would be of the almost universal friendliness of ordinary people. This is quite a different thing from the diplomatic "friendship" that is expressed by formal parties and the visits of politicians. Most of my journey I traveled in the back country, among people who were hardly looking for handouts from ECA or Point IV, and who recognized me as a stranger, of course, but not particularly as an American. It was an enriching experience to be befriended so frequently by these ordinary people. —THE END

# Over 1,000 Expected To Attend 8th Annual CBI Veterans Reunion

EACH YEAR at this time we begin to look forward to the annual CBI Reunion, staged by the CBI Veterans Assn. The 8th Annual Reunion will be held at St. Louis, August 4-7, and this year's event promises to surpass all previous affairs.

Again the Reunion Committee expects at least 1,000 delegates, and early indications are that possibly more may attend.

Reservations are already beginning to come in from those who know the wisdom of making certain they will get excellent accommodations in the Reunion Headquarters Hotel, The Jefferson.

The National Executive Committee will meet in St. Louis during May to complete final plans for the Reunion. On occasion of the 10th anniversary af the war's end, the St. Louis Basha is outlining an exceptionally wonderful program.

As an added attraction, the St. Louis Cardinals will be home to play the New York Giants on the evening of August 3rd. The Municipal Opera will be in full swing. If there is sufficient demand to see either event, the Reunion Committee will arrange to reserve a section of seats for CBI-ers.

If any units are planning a get-together during the Reunion, advance reservations will assure the securing of rooms in the Headquarters Hotel close together.

Rooms at the Jefferson Hotel are priced as follows:

	Minimum	Average	Best
Single	\$6.00	\$7.25	\$9.00
Double	9.00	10.25	12.00
Twin Bed	10.50	12.00	14.00
Suites	24.00	28.00	37.50

# Hotel Jefferson

# Welcomes

8th Annual CBI Reunion to St. Louis . . .

the HOME of Forest Park . . . world famous MUNY OPERA and ZOO . . . St. Louis Cardinals . . . world's largest brewery and many other attractions.

COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED



HOTEL JEFFERSON, Headquarters for the 8th Annual CBI Reunion at St. Louis.

The Jefferson is a First Class hotel, fully airconditioned, and most of the reunion activities will center around this hotel.

Remember, a large crowd is anticipated. Late requests for reservations may result in booking at other hotels. If you plan to attend this year's reunion, send your reservations now to Harold Kretchmar, National Reunion Chairman, P.O. Box 1765, St. Louis 1, Mo.





ABOVE: Anheuser-Busch brewery at St. Louis, one of the largest in the world. BELOW: The S. S. Admiral, the nation's largest river excursion steamer, sails on the Mississippi River at St. Louis. Photos courtesy St. Louis Convention & Publicity Bureau.



News dispatches from recent issues of the Calcutta Statesman

RANCHI, India—Mrs. M. Palit, who says she has spent many years in the jungle, claims the scarcity of wild game in Assam and Burma is due to British, American and Chinese troops who during the war "moved around in jeeps and weapons carriers" shooting deer, leopards and pigs for sport.

NEW DELHI—According to the 1951 census, there were 487,907 persons in India who were categorized as "self-supporting beggars and vagrants," professional beggars.

CALCUTTA—To supply information to foreigners desiring to visit India, six tourist information offices are to be set up by the Indian Government in London, Paris, San Francisco, Copenhagen and Colombo. One such office is already functioning in New York City.

GAYA — The planning department of the All-India Khadi and Gramudyog Board has estimated the annual requirements of a family of five for healthy and reasonable living conditions in India at Rs. 3,000 per year (\$630).

NEW DELHI—The Government of India has announced a total ban on the export of monkeys, while a number of States are offering prizes for the slaughter of monkeys. The sole cause of this step is the recent accident in London in which some monkeys were suffocated to death.

RAJKOT—Strong opposition to the import of American ghee into India was voiced at a public meeting here. The meeting adopted a resolution requesting importing of the ghee be stopped as it would seriously affect the development of agriculture and animal husbandry in the country.

CHERRAPUNJI—The "wettest spot on earth" is experiencing the dry season. With an annual total of 600 inches of rainfall, this city has had in the first three months of 1955 only 0.3-inch of rain.

NEW DELHI—A protocol was signed in Lhasa by India and China on the handing over to China of the postal, telegraph and public telephone services and rest houses operated by the Government of India in Tibet. This was in accordance with the agreement signed in Peking last year. NEW DELHI—Mr. Cooper, U.S. Ambassador to India, declared here that he had brought to India President Eisenhower's "deep faith that the peace for which both the U.S. and India worked would be maintained." Cooper just arrived here (Apr. 4) with his wife by a special U.S. Air Force plane.

NEW DELHI — A new Secretariat building is being planned near Rashtrapati Bhavan to accommodate Defense Headquarters. The Central PWD is expected to clear a 160-acre stretch of scrub land between Kitchener Road and Talkatora Park. Construction will begin next year.

NAWADAH, India—People of Govindpur thana in Nawadah subdivision of Gaya district have become panicky due to depredations of wild boars and bear from the adjoining forests, which they say have actually attacked villagers.

PESHAWAR, Pakistan — Hundreds of tribesmen are asking permission to enter Afghanistan to avenge an insult to the Pakistani national flag. Twelve Afghan policemen and 35 demonstrators were injured in clashes in front of the Pakistani Embassy in Kabul, when Pathans tried to tear down the Pakistani flag.

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

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JUNE, 1955



CHIANG KAI-SHEK. By Emily Hahn. 382 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1955. \$5.

An unauthorized biography of the 67-year-old Generalissimo, no longer master of China, but still a thorn in the side of the Chinese Communists. Chiang did not co-operate in the writing of this book.

THE WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS. By Mattie E. Treadwell. 841 pages. Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army, Washington, D. C., 1955. \$6.25.

Pages 464-474 give an account of CBI Wacs, and there are other references on pages 412, 284, and 294. Illustrated with photographs, tables, charts.

STILL THE RICE GROWS GREEN. By John C. Caldwell. 312 pages. Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 1955. \$3.75.

The author, fluent in both Chinese and Korean, writes of the people of the China coast islands now in the news, Formosa and Korea. A fourth section of the book analyzes the situation in the Far East.

MUHAMMAD'S PEOPLE. Translated by Eric Schroeder. 838 pages. The Bond Wheelwright Company, Portland, Maine, 1955. \$10.

The way of life of the Moslems from the days of the Prophet until the year 1055. A translation of a variety of Moslem writing, revealing the history, violence, and piety of 500 years.

DESERT HOSPITAL IN CHINA. By Barbara Spencer. 192 pages. Roy Publishers, New York, 1955. \$4.

The author, a nurse, and her doctor husband found a hospital in Northern Kansu Province at the edge of the Gobi Desert. With inadequate supplies, they fight superstition and disease with an untrained staff.

JINNAH, CREATOR OF PAKISTAN. By Hector Bolitho. 254 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1955. \$3.75.

A record of the life and achievements of the late Muslim leader, who was successful in his long fight for the partition of India. His conferences with Gandhi were leading news topics in the days of CRI.

THE PHANTOM CARAVAN. By Sir Owen St. Clair O'Malley. Illustrated. 217 pages. Transatlantic Arts, Incorporated,

Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida, 1955. \$5. Experiences and memoirs of an English

Experiences and memoirs of an English diplomat in China and Russia, both places meaning about the same thing these days.

COROMANDEL! By John Masters. 347 pages. The Viking Press, New York, 1955. \$3.95.

Another novel by the former Indian army officer, this one about the long quest of a 17th Century English farmer for treasure in the depths of India. Like the others, it's about an English family named Savage.

VENTURE INTO DARKNESS. By Alice Tisdale Hobart, 376 pages. Longmans, Green and Company, 1955. \$3.95.

Another novel by the author of Oil for the Lamps of China, this one about an American businessman who comes to grips with Communism in China. The story has a surprise ending.

WANTED: AN ASIAN POLICY. By Edwin O. Reischauer. 276 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1955. \$3.75.

The professor of Far Eastern languages at Harvard assesses recent internal developments in Asia and sets down some principles he feels should guide the U.S. in its dealings with Asian peoples.

JAPAN. By Werner Bischof and Robert Guillain. 109 pages. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1955. \$10.

One hundred and nine photographs of present-day Japan and its people taken by Werner Bischof over a period of two years. Robert Guillain writes the text to go with them.

REPORT FROM MALAYA. By Vernon Bartlett. 128 pages. Criterion Books, New York, 1955. \$2.75.

A correspondent's first-hand view of the Malayan situation and the successful methods used against Communist terrorists there. The author is an Englishman, ex-member of Parliament.

INDIA LOVE POEMS. By Tambimuttu. 121 pages. The Peter Pauper Press, Mount Vernon, New York, 1955. \$2.50.

This is an anthology compiled by probably the best-known contemporary Indian poet. The poetry deals with women in India during all the ages. Like all books from Peter Pauper, it is beautiful. Wood engravings.

GUIDE TO THE FAR EAST AND MID-DLE EAST. By Eleanor Cowles Gellhorn. 368 pages. David McKay Company, New York, 1954. \$4.

It covers 21 countries and is published for the businessman and tourist who plan to travel in either the Far East or Middle

20

TENTS AGAINST THE SKY. By Robert B. Ekvall. 264 pages. Farrar, Straus and Young, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

A novel of Tibet traces the love story and adventures of a novice monk as his people are driven before the advance of the Chinese Red Armies. He breaks his vows for a lovely woman.

FROM HERE TO SHIMBASHI. By John Sack. 222 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1955. \$2.75.

The author, a present-day draftee who goes oriental with funny results, could be termed either a Mad Sack or a Glad Sack. He's a sort of polished relative of George Baker's old Sad Sack. Reading, not cartoons.

A TAGORE TESTAMENT. By Rabindranath Tagore. 131 pages. Philosophical Library, New York, 1955. \$4.75.

Poems, essays, letters, and articles of India's Nobel prize-winner for literature, translated from the Bengali of the author by Indu Dutt. Representative work of the poet-philosopher.

BLACKBURN'S HEADHUNTERS. By Philip Harkins. 335 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.75.

Guerrilla warfare against the Japs in Luzon as told from the diary of Lieutenant Donald Blackburn, who organized Igorots, Ifugaos, and Americans into an undercover army.

HUNGRY PEOPLE AND EMPTY LANDS. By S. Chandrasekhar. 306 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1955. \$4.25.

A study of international tensions arising from overpopulation problems, with special reference to Japan, China, and India. The book has diagrams and six pages of bibliography.

THE WESTERN-EDUCATED MAN IN INDIA. By John and Ruth Hill Useem. 250 pages. The Dryden Press, New York, 1955. \$3.

Results of a field investigation in India of the consequences of a western education, and proposals possibly of aid to policymakers and administrators interested in exchange of persons between countries.

MEDITATION AND PIETY IN THE FAR EAST. By Karl Ludvig Reichelt. 171 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1955. \$3.

Outlining the older religious systems of the Far East, mainly in relation to one central idea, meditation. The author is a Norwegian Lutheran missionary.

INTRODUCTION TO KASHMIR, ITS GEOLOGY AND GEOGRAPHY. By Maneck B. Pittawalla. Illustrated. 141 pages. Oxford University Press, New York, 1954. \$2.70

The title just about tells you what it's all about. If you ever spent leave on the houseboats on Dal Lake, maybe you'll be interested.

INDIAN WORDS IN ENGLISH. By G. Subba Rao. 151 pages. Oxford University Press, New York, 1954. \$2.40.

A study in Indian-British cultural and linguistic relations. It would be interesting, no doubt, to compare this with what CBI-wallahs learned in the way of words from the Indians. They learned some fancy ones from us.

THE WAY OF LIFE. By Lao Tzu. 134 pages. New American Library, New York, 1955. 35c.

A new translation of the 81 brief poems expressing the beliefs of Taoism, each accompanied by a prose paraphrase. An introduction provides background information.

MAHATMA GANDHI. By Vincent Sheean. 210 pages. Alfred Knopf, New York, 1955. \$2.50.

One of a series of books devoted to brief biographies of famous men. This life of the Indian saint without a doubt is condensed by the author from his longer biography which appeared several years ago.

BABYSAN'S WORLD. By Bill Hume. 127 pages. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, 1954. \$1.

This book is paper-bound. It consists of cartoons featuring the American serviceman in Japan and gives what an American would term a "human slant" on that country.

THE GOODLY SEED. By John Wyllie. 218 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.

This is a novel of life in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp near Singapore during World War II, full of events some men know without having to turn to fiction.

CHINESE CALLIGRAPHY. By Chiang Yee. Illustrated. 246 pages. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. \$6.

The esthetic values, techniques and cultural significance of Chinese handwriting. This book presents the craft as a decorative art, rather than a discourse on handwriting in general.

# Amusing Assam Hunters

From the Calcutta Statesman

DESPITE PERSISTENT, centuries - old striving to convert jungle waste into cultivable wealth it is nevertheless true to say that at best mankind still only shares Assam with the wild elephant and the rhinoceros, the panther and the tiger.

These continue to abound in the vast forests lying athwart the mighty Brahmaputra river and its turbulent tributaries. But far-flung as is this wild life domain, stretching as it does to form indefinite frontiers with Tibet to the north, China to the east, Burma to the south, the year is rare in which denizens of these jungles do not stray into the tea estates and rice bowl areas which men have contrived to wrest from the surrounding forests.

One does not therefore have to be a purposeful hunter to make nodding acquaintance with these strays. In consequence a veritable compendium could be compiled of stories of personal encounter. However, I propose to omit the ordinary run, as end either in the intruder's timely end or narrow escape from this fate; also those thrillers which tell of men's lives in jeopardy, even held forfeit. From the best of the rest here are a few amusing incidents:

There is a well-known Army axiom: No names (well, anyway no easily identifiable names), no pack drill. Wild elephants will not therefore drag from me Old McTavish's real name. More years ago than he cares to admit, but loves to remember, McTavish left his Highlands to become an assistant on an Assam tea



estate. Within a week of his arrival he was one day summoned by his manager, handed an inadequate gun, a few light shot cartridges and tersely commanded to "get rid of" an elephant which was damaging seedlings in a new extension. Not by word or sign did McTavish betray

the inward trepidation with which he set out on this mission. His only previous experience was an odd day's rabbitshooting. Now, accompanied by a score of laborers out "to see the fun," he had to deal with an elephant!

The huge beast was easy to find, disporting itself mischievously at the far end of the clearing. A dry ditch, some ten feet deep and as many wide at the mouth, its length clogged with overhanging reeds and shrubbery, offered means of nearer approach. While the rest of the party halted here, one of the men led McTavish down this ditch until an adequate distance had been covered. Lacking a periscope, they were just thinking of surfacing for a look-see when the sound of loud breathing became apparent immediately above. Looking up, they were horrified to see the elephant's huge bulk towering over them.

McTavish's escort turned to run, colliding with and nearly "grassing" him. Whether it was the impact of this collision, whether he was unconsciously "trigger happy," McTavish does not know. Anyway an explosion occurred, fortunately without hurt to man or beast. The next minute McTavish was legging it down the nullah on the heels of his guide. They were received by the waiting party with acclamation. One can only assume that the elephant was equally horrified by the course of events. At the sound of the shot (so the watchers reported) it had wheeled and stampeded into the forest.

"Got rid of it?" his manager casually inquired when McTavish returned the

"Yes," said McTavish, "I scared it stiff. It bolted into the forest."

SMITH WAS a man gifted with the ability to wrap up sarcasm with such an air of seriousness as to baffle all except his most intimate friends. At the time he was engaged in cutting a motorable road through dense jungle. A herd of elephants made almost daily appearance, for all the world as if inspecting progress. One day the need arose for a special implement. Smith summoned a clerk, ordered him to ride down to the stores and bring the implement back. The mission

should have occupied about half an hour. In five minutes the man was back. The elephants, he said, were astride the road, blocking traffic.

"So what?" Smith demanded to know. "Is your cycle not fitted with a bell? Use it!"

I think Smith was as astounded as anybody to see the man pedal away again. In half an hour he was back with the tool.

"Were the elephants gone?" Smith inquired.

"No, Sir, they were still on the road. But I rang my bell like you said and they ran away."

"Let that be a lesson to you," admonished Smith. "I hope you know now that a cycle is fitted with a bell for no other reason than to clear loiterers off the road."

"Yes, Sir."

OFTEN THE first intimation that a leopard or tiger is lying up in a section of tea comes when some startled woman cries out in fright after disturbing an equally startled beast. There is then a general scatter to the nearest intersection and someone is summoned to tackle the situation.

There is an accepted drill. If strict inquiry convinces the tea garden manager that one of the larger "cats" is lurking there, the women are switched to work



another section and guns and beaters are summoned for a shoot. But quite often the woman's story is unconvincing and when a manager or assistant reaches the conclusion that it is a false alarm he walks boldly into the tea and by raillery and personal example persuades the women back to work.

Faced with such a situation Brown weighed all the facts and decided the woman had raised an alarm on very meagre grounds. He promptly waded into the waist-high section of tea. When he had thus boldly travelled some 50 yards he turned to call back to the gang of women, "You see? Nothing to worry about at all. Probably only a jackal. Come on in and start plucking."

For a conceited young male tiger to

be called a jackal must be in the nature of unforgiveable insult. Anyway, this one growled menacingly. Brown is not a man whose imperturbability is easily upset. Few have seen him break out of a sedate walk. But this was something else again! He says that allowing for obstructions he must have travelled that 50 yards back to safety in hear-record time. An hour later he had the satisfaction of shooting the beast.

THIS RECALLS Jones' experience. Returning to his bungalow for lunch he found a neighbor waiting to ask for the loan of a gun. It appeared that a leopard was holding up work in the neighboring



garden. Jones parted with his only gun. Then, good trencherman that he is, he settled down to an enormous lunch. Always he liked to follow this up with 40 winks.

He had caught only 20 of his afternoon ration when slumber was disturbed by the arrival of a sirdar who reported a leopard in the tea and that work was suspended. Gun or no gun that leopard had to be got rid of and work resumed. Jones collected about a dozen men with lathies. On their way to the section he spotted a pile of bricks. David had tackled Goliath with a sling and a pebble, Jones felt he might at least scare this leopard away with a well-aimed brick.

"There it is, Sahib," hissed one of the party. There, sure enough, making not the slightest attempt to flee, it was! Jones unfolded his strategy. When he hurled the brick every man was to beat the ground with his stick and holler as loud as he could. He took aim. He threw the brick. The men beat their sticks. The din of their shouting was cut short as each man stared open-mouthed, each no more crediting the evidence of his eyes than did Jones. Believe it or not, the leopard simply toppled over and lay — out to the wide — feet up in an adjacent ditch!

A MIGHTY HUNTER was Wright, if the evidence of his armory counted for anything. He owned at least half a dozen weapons of modern efficiency and varying calibre. Every conceivable shooting

aid lay ready for use. When Wright went out shooting quite an entourage was needed to carry this paraphernalia.

One afternoon, so equipped and accompanied, Wright went out to sit over a kill. He was much amused to note that one of his carriers had also brought along his own crude bow and arrow.

"You optimist! Do you expect to kill a tiger with that?" he teased.
"Who can tell?" sheepishly answered

the Santal.

Having hoisted Wright and his impediments into a machan the men retired to await events. They had not long to wait. While it was yet light the tiger came for its meal. The poor thing must have been startled out of its wits by the fusillade which then broke out. Scared but un-scathed it bounded away, the general line of its travel taking it towards the waiting men. Wright began to be a little anxious lest one of them be attacked. Anxiety gave place to alarm when he heard shouts

and the tiger's roar!

However, all was well. True the tiger had come perilously near the men. But its one thought was escape and it made to pass by. The Santal had other views. His first arrow took the tiger in the flank. As it halted to tear at the shaft in its flesh a second arrow put paid to its ac--THE END count.

# **DELHI'S** Forgotten Garden

From The Calcutta Statesman

"IF YOU carry away a single stone from here you will be imprisoned — that's what it says on the notice board up there." But the notice read Shalimar Bagh or Aizzabad Gardens, about 1632 A.D., erected by Shah Jehan for his mistress Aizzum-Nisa Begum.

My companion smiled puckishly when My companion smiled puckishly when I translated. "Such a lot of trouble for a woman," he observed, then: "This is the Shish Mahal — see from under here water flowed out into the garden to a lotus pond beneath those trees." We walked into the garden, down a pathway breast high in undergrowth beneath trees. breast-high in undergrowth, beneath trees so densely shading the earth is always damp and flooded with perpetual shadows. Most of these trees are recent, but here and there a giant lifts itself into the air suggesting an age and dignity in keepan suggesting an age and dignity in keeping with its past, and roses spring from roots three-hundred years old. For this is the Shalimar Garden of Delhi, rival once of the famous gardens in Lahore, claimed by many to have been more beautiful and still levely in its groupbling dis tiful, and still lovely in its crumbling disarray. Here, Aurangzeb stayed awhile in 1658, and here he proclaimed himself Emperor of all India.

Those surprising house hunters, Sir David Ochterloney and Lord Metcalfe, both used it as a country bungalow. Now it is an orchard, and little is left to suggest its early magnificence. "The houses are too old to live in, so we malis sleep in huts under the trees — close to the parrots," laughed Ram Gopal, twirling a sling. Ahead a young guaya tree exploded parrots." laughed Ram Gopal, twirling a sling. Ahead a young guava tree exploded into a flurry of parrots as he shot a clay ball into its middle. "Would you care

for a fruit?" he asked, retrieving a yellow guava from under the tree. Liberally grooved by a parrot's beak, it tasted good.

I noticed Ram Gopal wore an old army shirt, under a draped, knotted length of dirty cloth. He was once in the army, he explained, had seen service in Burma and Malaya. "Now I hunt birds, and live in peace.

Hidden away in the trees and tangle of unchecked weeds, painted pavillions still stand above suggested streams, pools, waterfalls and fountains. Plaster once waterfalls and fountains. Plaster once polished to marble smoothness by conch shells still clings to the crumbling brick, still conveys the overall suggestion of moulded and painted design. Carved pillars in the Shish Mahal are startlingly fresh, yet above them the ceilings are cracked, in places collapsed, and marble floors have been replaced by earth and bird droppings. Royal baths are startlingly damp to the touch until one discovers that in nearby wells, from which water once coursed through the gardens, the level is remarkably high, a few feet from the surface. the surface.

Peace and a rugged beauty still linger in this garden, just six miles from Delhi. Peacocks trail their blue-green tails among scarlet pomegranate blossoms, yellow ripening plums decorate the trees, and there is bird song in the ruins, some bound together by the roots of ancient trees. At evening, when the blue smoke from a nearby village settles veil-like on the trees and fires wink, it is not difficult to imagine the rustle of brocaded skirts, the tinkle of jewelled anklets, a woman's laugh. But even ghosts must have their ruins to haunt, and Delhi's Shalimar Garden is almost beyond repair. When other historical ruins are treated with the respect they deserve, it seems a pity that this, one of the most romantic, should be this, one of the most romantic, should be allowed to slowly crumble into oblivion. THE END

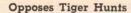
# 879th Engineers

• Seldom see anything • Pictures of the animals about my own outfit, but I are particularly interesting, always have hopes. Was especially the tigers. I had with the 879th Airborne Engineers, spent 26 months in CBI, most of it in Burma. Can't wait to read the rest of "Journey From Burma." Have always wondered what Burma is like since we left there in 1946.

MAURICE HELMICK. Lapeer, Mich.

Charlotte Maynard.

108 Pequot Rd., Pawtucket, R.I.



are particularly interesting, especially the tigers. I had been on a few tiger hunts over there and had quite a time, but didn't have the heart to shoot any. I figured they didn't bother me so I didn't bother them. I still think it a crime to kill tigers just for sport unless tigers just for sport unless one attacks, and this doesn't happen often unless they Lapeer, Mich.

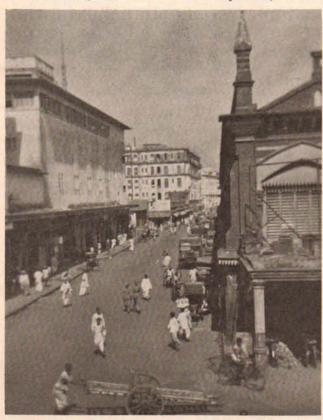
172nd General Hospital

With the 172nd General Hospital at Karachi, Calcutta and Kunming. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. I was a nurse; Charlotte Maynard

Lapeer, Mich.

It happen often unless they don't get enough to eat. After living over there in regions of India where the tigers are found, I think some of the stories of actual attacks of tigers on humans is very far fetched in most cases. I don't think there are as many deaths as they rlotte Maynard. are as many deaths as they CHARLOTTE M. FISH, would have you believe.

RALPH KRELL, Ypsilanti, Mich.



LOOKING DOWN the street parallel to Chowringhee Road in Calcutta, showing New Market at right and the Hindusthan Building at the end of the street. Photo by Sedge LeBlang.

# Fine and Crazy!

Was with the 89th Service Squadron from the time it was formed at Maxwell Field, Ala., in 1941, until I left it at Tezgaon in 1945. It was a great outfit and I doubt if a finer or crazier bunch of guys could be found anywhere. Keep up the good work and never mind taking a stand on anything. Just stick to rem-iniscing. There are enough opinionated magazines in the country now without Roundup sinking to their level.

> LOUIS R. PORTO, Corona, L. I., N. Y.

# Scholarship Fund

 I would like to make a suggestion to the readers of Ex-CBI Roundup and the CBI Veterans Assn. I have read in many published ar-ticles that in both India and Pakistan there is a great need for teachers to combat illiteracy, in which Com-munism breeds. I thought it would be nice if CBI-ers could sponsor at least one scholarship in India and one in Pakistan for school teachers. I talked to Mr. Ali Arshad of the Pakistan delegation in New York and he informed me that tuition would run from \$180 to \$240 per year, and room and board for a student a minimum of \$240 per year. I imagine the cost in India would be about the same. In other words, \$1,000 for two scholarships. I think we could do a great deal of good with a gesture of this kind. It would be ideal if the money could be available in time to be presented by the CBI-ers who are making the tour in the fall. Would like to hear comments on this from Round-up's readers. I am ready to back my idea with a contribution of \$5.00. All we need are 199 other readers. need are 199 other readers with the same willingness to finance a good cause.

BELFOUR McMILLEN, 11 Willow St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



# Chota Peg and Small Talk

By Syed Mohammed Abdullah

# Recipe of the Month

# MADRAS CHICKEN CURRY

chicken (2 to 21/2 lbs.

3 tbsps. butter

3 onions (minced)

clove garlic (minced)

2 tbsps. curry powder ¼ cup blanched almonds ½ lemon 2 tbsps. butter

cups chicken stock

2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce

½ cup raisi. 2 tart apples cup raisins

½ tsp. powdered ginger

½ tsp. salt

½ cup cream

Remove meat from chicken, cut into 1" pieces. Dust meat with flour, saute in butter until lightly browned. Remove meat to a plate and keep warm. To the butter remaining in the pan add the onions and garlic, saute until gold-en. In a separate pan melt the other 2 thsps. butter, add curry powder and stir until smooth. Gradually stir in hot chicken stock, add Worcestershire sauce, raisins, apples, ginger and salt. Now chop the almonds and saute them in 1 tsp. butter until golden. Turn them into a mortar and pound to a smooth paste. Stir the almond paste into the hot cream, and cook over low flame for five minutes. Add the almond milk to the curry, now blend everything and allow to simmer uncovered for about 15 minutes. Add juice of lemon. If sauce reduces too much add hot chicken stock. - Serves 4.

During the recent International Trade Fair in Seattle, my wife and I had the opportunity to meet and talk with several Ambassadors, consuls and Foreign diplomats, particularly those from the Orient and the Pacific Rim countries. Of prime interest to CBI-ers will be my interviews with representatives from India and Pakistan

The purpose of the trade fair was essentially to acquaint the American buyer with merchandise from the Orient, and to expose the foreign manufacturer to the American method of merchandising.

One of the most common complaints

about imports from India is that the mechanical part of the product is poor; I took this problem to Mr. Jermeja Singh Hundal, who is the Commercial Assistant to the Indian Consulate General, San Francisco. "We realize and agree that there is much room for improvement in the mechanics of our artwork," he said, "but you must bear in mind that in the United States when a jeweler designs and creates an earring, he does not make the backing, he buys that; in India the jeweler makes his own backing, and in the case of handbags he makes his own clasps; although the man may be a superb artist, he is not a mechanic." he is not a mechanic.

Asked if trade with the United States would create better understanding, Hundal replied, "Understanding is based on appreciation of things that are common to all people; art is one of them. If the American people like our art and our designs and our sense of colors, it means that the american people are control into their that we have made an entree into their thinking."

Speaking of trade, I asked Hundal about the imports on which India is concentrating. Much to my surprise he said that India is manufacturing and exporting more Oriental rugs than any other country; they are made in and north of Delhi. Textiles remain India's prime industry, however she is producing primarily for internal consumption rather than for export.

"In the near future," Mr. Hundal told me, "India will start exporting Khaddar, as a matter of fact it will become a prime export product. Khaddar as you know, is synonymous with Swadesi, which was a term created by Mahatma Ghandi to indicate a cloth indigenous to India as compared with imported cloth."

I was quite excited about several of the exhibits at the Indian booth. One in particular was that of an ivory statue:



THE HON. SYED I. Hussain (right), Consul General of Pakistan, looks on as Mrs. Hussain greets the wife of Washington's Governor Langlie at the Trade Fair. Photo by Forde Photographers.

The price tag said Rs. 650. I made a rapid calculation and arrived at the American sum of \$136.50 which was a terrific buy for a hand carved figurine that stood about 12" high. As I was about to write a check for the amount Mr. Hundal told me that was the price in India, that they were not being sold at the booth, but were available at some of the stores; he hastily mentioned that when the merchandise comes to America, we must add tax, duty, shipping cost, handling, plus profit for the importer, broker, and retailer. At that point I gave up.

As I was speaking to Jerry (Mr. Hundal) the Consul General for India in San Francisco, came up. I had met The Hon. S. K. Bannerjee the previous day at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. At the time I was not too impressed by his personality, but I attributed it to being a stranger in town. However in speaking with him, I had a let-down feeling; there were no comments that could not be read in the morning paper in any country, in any language. Mr. Bannerjee has been a diplomat since the creation of India's Foreign Service in 1947. He struck me as being a man overwhelmed by protocol, and abiding by diplomatic niceties; in referring to Communism in India, he used such vague and unsatisfactory terms as, "nibbling aggression" which in reality means nothing, it is either aggression or it is not aggression. He made some comment on India's role as "go-between" and said it is receiving much attention and some criticism. When asked to comment on India's role in relation to the international situation, his answers appeared to me to be confusing and non-committal. In all it is the opinion of several reporters and myself that Mr. Bannerjee was uncooperative; and if he wants the good-will of the American people, he should loosen up a bit, and not be afraid to give a few facts plus opinions.

After speaking with Mr. Bannerjee, I ran into The Hon. Syed I. Hussain, Consul General for Pakistan in San Francisco. Mr. Hussain was formerly the representative of Pakistan in the U.N. for seven years. He had some very strong words to say about the United Nations, and although we may not agree with him, we must admit that he does speak his mind. He described the United Nations as, "little more than a place for lofty debates." Mr. Hussain stressed however, that the U.N. should be continued because of its record in the economic field.

"Collective security is the best defense against Communism. But, unfortunately, we have had to resort to regional agreements because the United Nations has failed to take effective action to enforce law and order and peace." Asked about



LATEST CHINESE fashions were modeled by these girls at the International Trade Fair. Photo by Forde Photographers.

the economic condition of Pakistan, Mr. Hussain said, "Pakistan has turned the corner economically, with the technical assistance of the United Nations, and America's Point Four Program. These were the dikes on the economic front to stem the advancing tide of Communism."

"We started from scratch," Hussain said, recalling that Pakistan was established August 14, 1947. He jestingly pointed out that "Pakistan is one day older than India." He went on to explain that, "when Pakistan was established, we did not even have tables or chairs or typewriters, with which to process the more than 7,000,000 refugees who were flocking into the country."

During the past seven years, Pakistan has harnessed water power to bring 2,500,000 acres under cultivation, has seven jute mills in production (there were none in 1947), opened thirty textile mills and has boosted the number of Universities from two to eight. Speaking about education, Hussain said that it was one of the "major headaches." Only eighteen per cent of the people can read or write. "We would like to have a school in every village, but our resources are very limited. We even have traveling schools on trucks with books, writing material and trained teachers."

Mr. Hussain made it clear that Communism in Pakistan was a problem. He praised the United States for her leadership in Southeast Asia. The 54 year old diplomat said, "Our line of thinking is the same as yours. We reject the cries of 'Asia for the Asians' and 'peaceful coexistence' and other such slogans as dangerous nonsense." Mr. Hussain was very

firm when he said that, "there can never be peaceful co-existence, because one has to destroy the other in order to survive." He also indicated that there is so much that the American people do not understand about India and Pakistan. He urged me to bear this in mind during my lectures and public appearances. Before our meeting broke up, Mr. Hussain paid me a great compliment by saying, "You are a wonderful ambassador for both Pakistan and India."

It would be most unfair to talk only about the diplomatic and political undertones of the Fair without describing the Fair itself: First, there was a royal-red carpet running along the entire length of the armory to the flag rimmed platform where different countries of the Pacific rim put on performances during consecutive evenings of the Trade Fair. The huge auditorium reverberated with tones of a Hindu religious chant sung by a young exchange student from the University of Washington; the colorful sound and sight of Filipino dancing. One girl balanced a glass of water on her head, and it unbalanced her; one misstep provided her with a slight shower, but she recovered her poise if not the water and continued like a seasoned trouper.

The Republic of China furnished not only dancers in their gay and colorful costumes, but also a Chinese fashion show; the most attractive mode being a young lady from Formosa whose own clothes were on display. This last feature fascinated my wife as it combined the eastern fabrics with the western ideas; the severity of the western business suit is relieved by the slit on each side of the skirt, which at a side view reveals and conceals a lot more than a shapely ankle. Our gals could take a tip from some of the Chinese designers.

Frankly the Trade Fair had all the exhileration and color and life of an Oriental bazaar. The only facet which I missed was the bazaar wallas hawking or verbally selling their wares; there also was absent, the good old custom of bartering, since no goods could be sold until the last day of the fair.

When a buyer, taken with a specific line, would place an order for hundreds or thousands of that item, for example, the very popular Indian handbags, he would very often order from the handicraft of one worker, who could not produce more than say, two hundred in an entire year, and the others to whom the work would be turned over, would not be equal in ability. It has been a difficult problem to teach standardization of

the product to the Oriental (especially Indian) mind, who is so much an individualist in design and workmanship. But gradually through these trade fairs an awareness of what Americans demand is beginning to reach them. However in this case, the buyers proved to be anything but infallible. Certain items which they would not order for the retail market were sold out to a fascinated public, during the final sale day. It seems that this education is a two edged sword. The buyer had better find out what the public does demand in Oriental goods, and not try to apply western standards to their choice on some items.

Side glances: At the reception for the Ambassador from Japan, a rather short, jovial, ruddy faced man came up to me, pumped my hand and introduced himself as the Consul General for Panama; I in as the Constit General for Fahana, I in turn introduced my wife, after a few pleasantries, he said, "Senior Abdullah, I was watching you and your wife, and I noticed you were so nice to her, that I noticed you were so file to her, that I immediately assumed she was your secretary." — The exhibit from the Republic of China was outstanding by its lack of luxury products, they seem to be placing emphasis on essential merchandise. — Of special interest were the camel skin leaves from Polisian and the second skin Of special interest were the camel skin lamps from Pakistan; and the camel skin shoes, handbag and belt from India. — Most common complaint of buyers, "we order merchandise from the Orient in January for our summer trade in June, we don't receive it until October." Overheard at the reception for the Consul General of Korea: A tall, husky American was talking to a small, diminuitive Korean naval officer, "You people are so different, we just can't understand you." (Ye gods, then we wonder why.) - Comment by Mrs. Hussain, wife of the Consul General for Pakistan, "Mr. Abdullah, since India is now partitioned, why doesn't the CBI Roundup change its name to include Pakistan?" — Comment by representative from the Philippine Islands (name with-held by request), "I am taking a trip around the world now, because we in the Philippines expect our country to be occupied by the Chinese Communists in the near future." — Evesdropping at a booth; a large woman in her late thirties plus thirty, "I am going to Japan next month, and I want to bring back something very expensive, what would you suggest? Money is no object." (a true art lover). — The show was put on in the Seattle Armory, was it necessary to have the soldiers walking around with clubs and side-arms? That is not my question, I was asked that several times -THE END by foreign visitors.

# Happy With Purse

 I suppose I was one of the first to buy one of the velvet evening bags from Roundup's "Bazaar of In-Roundup's "Bazaar of In-dia." My wife was simply articles from his manu-overwhelmed by the beauty script were very informa-of the purse. She has since seen the same bags in a hope the book will eventu-downtown store, priced at \$18.50. Ours was a real \$18.50. Ours was a real buy at only \$8.50! Thanks very much, and I hope to see more of these reduced 'Symbol For China' price souvenirs in Roundup.

STANLEY HOLMAN, Dallas, Texas

### Brave Mr. Shaw

 Robert Shaw, in my estimation, was indeed a brave man to make such a trip as outlined in "Journey From Burma" (May). I will be interested in the second chapter.

> SOL GREENBERG, Tampa, Fla.

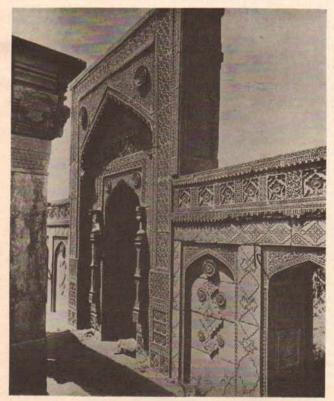
### Sinclair's Articles

• I was sorry to learn there will be no more of Boyd Sinclair's stories in

> JAMES R. FINCH, Bismark, N.D.

• The story of the P-40 converted into a chapel ("Symbol for China," Apr.) was of particular interest. Here's hoping the "Moose" gets his chapel back. At Barrackpore when Fr. O'-Gara needed a tabernacle, one of the mechanics presented him with one made out of the hub of a propeller.

GEORGE GLOSTER, S.J., children. Baghdad, Iraq.



MAGNIFICENTLY CARVED entrance to Mir Zanana's Tomb at Tatta, Pakistan. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

# Chaplain O'Gara Fund

 Have you ever had any report from the four countries who received the Chap-lain O'Gara Fund, as to what they did with the money?

> ALBERT Y. MORGAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

No specific report except from India, which had earmarked their share toward establishment of a child welfare center in Delhi. -Ed.

# 7th Bomb Group

May I boast that my May I boast that my husband served in the CBI, 492nd Bomb Sq., 7th Bomb Group. I wouldn't deprive my husband of Ex-CBI Roundup for the simple reason that I enjoy it too much! The pictures offer marvelous education for our children.

Mrs. PETER STONE, Temple, Pa.

# Tour of Real Joy

• For months I've been tempted to write my opin-ion of your correspondents who write on one or the other of two themes. Everyone should recognize that the success of our magazine depends upon the subscribers and whatever contribution they may make. When I read letters asking why a certain outfit hasn't been mentioned, the ques-"why doesn't the correspondent take a minute more and mention it in an interesting manner? Lowest on my list are those who write of the CBI tour of duty as one of real joy and pleasure. I for one can hon-estly say I didn't enjoy it, and I cannot look back with longing and fond memories as so frequently written. It is with haste that I add that I established friendships which I hold in highest esteem. Without the association tions of our friends more of the GI's would have gone berserk.

O. G. KNOCHENHAUER, Buffalo, N.Y.



# Commander's Message

Charles A. Mitchell
National Commander

China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

I have just received a questionnaire from the Department of The Army, asking me to fill out same and return to Washington. They want to keep closer liaison with veterans through the various veteran organizations. We are promised the latest developments in armed force might.

I also explained that we were not a pressure group and therefore would not be heard from in regard to commissions named by Washington to delve into the past performances of former leaders and theaters of war. We do not get embroiled into policies of other groups and get all hot about it. Feels good, doesn't it?

We did create an international episode last year that we should all be proud of — The Chaplain O'Gara Fund for Underprivileged Children of Asia, sponsored by Ex-CBI Roundup and backed by the CBI Veterans Association. We were thanked by the different countries and I hope on our tour back to India next October we can see just a little of what we helped to do.

I was reading Robert Ruark's column the other morning and he was starting some interest in the National Eye Bank. I know it might sound sort of gruesome to some of you readers, talking about our eyes serving someone else after we are gone, but I think it's one of the best things that has come to my attention for some time.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Ed.

Please drop me a line and tell me what you think of some of these ideas that I ramble on about. These things can be for the good of mankind and still not change the ways of the CBIVA's way of thinking.

Ex-CBI Roundup will be winding up its subscription contest soon. Let's all help and send in as many new ones as possible. Helping Roundup to grow will naturally help the National CBIVA grow, so start signing 'em up!

We postponed our March executive meeting until May. It was generally thought that in the past, the time from March until Reunion time in August was too great a span. If we have the final executive meeting in May, 90 days time can be plenty to wind up final plans for our Reunion and things are fresher in our minds.

In the past month I received statements ridiculing the stories that have been written about some of the USO troupes, etc., that were written evidently to sell books to feather merchants. From my own experience, I thought that upon arriving in India I would be fighting tigers, being trampled by elephants and struggling constantly with cobras. I saw about three elephants working around air bases, never saw a tiger, and the only cobra I saw were the trained ones that took turns with the mongoose. I sure could write a book that wouldn't sell! I always have wondered how the troupes of actors had all the experiences within the space of the few weeks they were overseas and guys who were there through the whole war read these stories and say "Wow!"

Have you planned to take the "Pilgrimage to India?" There are a good many reservations already. Try and get away for six weeks. It's something you and Mama will never forget. It's a trip we will never take by ourselves. Here is the chance of a lifetime, taking a tour with friends we know and to places we have always wanted to revisit, plus the many new ones, and the wonderful experience of flying around the world at so low a cost.

Get those six weeks off and join Jan and me on this "greatest event of our lives." Time is growing short for sending your reservations. Remember, it takes a little while to get passports, visas, and then you have a whole series of immunizations to take, all of which must be completed in ample time before we leave.

Hope you'll be with us!

Yours in Comradeship, CHARLES A. MITCHELL, National Commander, 2322 So. Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

# C-87 Hump Jockey

 Been receiving the mag-Been receiving the magazine for a year and have found none better. Was with the 1327th AAFBU, How about an article on flying C-87's out of Tezpur from Feb. 1944 to Dec. 1944 over The Hump. Would like very much to hear from any of the fellows who served with me.

Have been reading Roundup for two years now and enjoy it more and more. How about an article on Kashmir?

AL MARSCHALL, San Francisco, Calif.

We'll have a good one, after we return from there served with me.

WILLIAM B. HARRIS. Rt. 2, Elkins, W. Va.

### Rose Among Thorns

• The Jinx Falkenburg article (Apr.) was a cracker-jack! In Warazup she looked like a rose among the thorns. One GI shouted, rash, or maybe I stayed too "Don't say anything, Jinx, long on the banks of the just stand there!" Just looking at the "Sweetheart of hati. I still enjoy the magathe CBI" was a show in itzine and don't want to miss self.

ROBERT MAY, Neshanic Sta., N.J.

### Kashmir Article

• Have been reading How about an article on

San Francisco, Calif.

We'll have a good one, after we return from there next fall!—Ed.

# Stayed Too Long!

Would like to renew the subscriptions for the V.A. Hospitals at Big Spring and Amarillo, Texas . . . Gerald Mahady (Mar.) must have had a case of Dhobi an issue.

> RAY CHAPMAN. Lubbock, Texas



SHOE SHINE wallahs on Elephantine street in Karachi. Since the American and British GI's left, native slippers get the once-over at reduced prices. Photo by Embassy of Pakistan.

# Tibet's Lamas

· "Two Lamas of Tibet" (April) was enlightening. We occasionally read something in the newspapers about the Lama of Tibet, but I never knew before now just how much power he had. It's too bad when we were so close that we could not visit Tibet. Maybe in the next 100 years they'll build some roads. (April) was enlightening. they'll build some roads.

ERNEST B. SCHOOP, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lef Us Remember

● I liked Sinclair's final words in his "Sleep Quietly, brothers" (May). "Let us remember, for when men who wore the CBI shield are gone, words like Kunming, Myitkyina, and Ledo again will fall foreign on American ears." How true! The world soon forgets, especially the things that we pecially the things that we want to forget. No one likes to remember such gruesome things as men dying on battlefields. But Sinclair is very much right — if we don't remember our CBI dead, heaven knows no one else will!

OLIVER G. NELSON. Mnpls., Minn.

# Detroit Basha Meet

 The next regular meeting the Detroit CBI Basha will be held May 8th. The meeting will be very short, and followed by a dance with a "name" band. Open house will be held one hour before the dance. Admission will be only \$1.25 per per-son. Any CBI-ers interested please contact me.

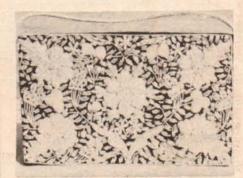
> CLARK PEACH, 17705 Winston, Detroit, Mich.

# Regard for Truth

 Like a lot of other CBI boys, have been able to reestablish my high regard for the truth by presenting evidence found in various issues of a grand magazine —Ex-CBI Roundup.

CARL L. HUFFAKER. Okla. City, Okla.

# **Imports From India**



# Zari Embroidered Evening Bag

THESE BEAUTIFUL bags are silver and/or gold embroidered with metal Zari thread on black velvet material. Also in peacock design with several colors. Size is 5 x 8-inches. On sale in department stores throughout the nation at prices ranging from \$10.00 to \$25.00. Your price only \$8.50, plus 85c federal tax, postpaid and insured! Numerous designs including Taj Mahal, floral, peacock, mosaic, etc. Specify choice of gold and/or silver, or colorful peacock. Return mail delivery.

# INDIAN BRASSWARE

WE ARE CARRYING an extensive line of Engraved Indian Brassware. At a later date we will feature photos of some of the many items we offer. Below are some representative prices, all postpaid. If you don't see it listed, drop us a line and we'll quote prices:

Fruit Dish, 6"	\$2.50
Vases, 5"	. 1.95
Candlestick, tray & handle	1.95
Footed candy dish, 5"	. 1.85
Incense Burner, 3"	. 1.75
Covered candy dish	. 3.40
Cigarette Box, 5"	. 3.75
Ash tray, 3"	45
Persian Coffee Pots, 8"	. 4.50
Persian Coffee Pots, 5"	. 3.15
Oblong tray, 8x12"	. 3.50

# At Vastly Reduced Prices To Roundup Readers!

OUR NEW SHIPMENT of merchandise arrived from India too late last month to enable us to have photo engravings made for this

Next month we will feature photos of ivory-inlaid, ornately carved small tables at unbelievably low prices, also many useful items of engraved Indian brassware.

In the meantime we are again featuring the Zari evening bags, jewel boxes and a few brassware articles.



# Ornate Rosewood Jewel Box

THIS BEAUTIFUL Rosewood Jewel Box is 5x9-inches, 21/2-inches deep. It is ornately carved on all sides in an exquisite floral design, with inlaid brass in center of the cover. Inside are two compartments, felt lined. This fine piece of artwork will be the envy of all who see it. Your price, only \$5.50, postpaid!

SMALLER SIZE Rosewood Jewel Box, 4x6-inches, same design as above, only \$3.75, postpaid!

NOTE: Prices on all merchandise offered on this page valid only to Ex-CBI Roundup subscribers. Each sale is made with the understanding that you must be completely satisfied with your purchase or your money refunded immediately!



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